

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



COPYRIGHT 1897 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

"POOR THING! — THEY HAVE TAKEN THE LIFE OUT OF IT!"



THE TALE OF MACBUNG.



NCE IN an ill-omened moment, when subjects unwritten were few,
MacBung, a writer of stories, fashioned an idol quite new.
Fashioned the cult of his country; winked to himself as he sung
Wonderful tales of his image. *Read ye the tale of MacBung.*

Pleased was the world with that idol; hastening to worship they ran.
Read it and praised it, then grunted, "Bide-a-wee, hoot, but it's gran!"
Scotch shall we talk in the future; newly his harp he hath strung.
Aye, it's a bonnie braw language. Honor to Mister MacBung!"

Later he pictured them Scotland, its glens and its valleys sae fair;
Pictured them bare-legged Saunders, bravin' the cauld wintry air.

Pictured them Drums and Thrumtochy, canny an' dour an' content,
Reeleegious an' maist conscienshus; writing it down as he went.

Quick came the world to receive him, eager his idol should rule,
Converts from every religion, scholars from every one's school.
Read they, discussed they, till sated, presently whispered they all:
"Yes, very Scotch, very truthful, but is n't it starting to pall?"

Wroth was that maker of stories, bravely his answer he flung—
"An' ye ca' yersels scholars an' creetics? An' daur ye get tired o' MacBung?
Meybe ye'll brek up ma eemage?" And tears stained his cheek as he fled.
And he ran to his Muse in the heather and told her his idol was dead.

And the Muse of MacBung made answer, and wise were the words she spake;
Old in the working of idols, she gently showed Mac his mistake.
"Dinna ye see, ma pur laddie," soft as a zephyr she sung;
"Ye hae blethered a bit ower the leemit."
Heed ye the moral, MacBung!

Thomas Bicket.

IN HARLEM.

MRS. FLATT. — This poem is very affecting where the old man is described as watching the dying embers.

FLATT. — Yes; but it could have been made more affecting by describing him as watching the cold steam-pipes.

PREVAILING QUOTATIONS.

"What are the average hotel rates in New York?"
"Five cents for beer."

FIRST DOCTOR. — Well, that's just like these actresses!

SECOND DOCTOR. — What is?

FIRST DOCTOR. — Why, that Miss May Cupp won't let us look into her head with the X-ray until she makes up her mind.

THE OPTIMIST judges the future by the past, but he excludes a good deal of the evidence.



COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

TOOK A FALL OUT OF EACH OTHER.

HOBSON. — Heavens! old man, how you have torn your clothes! I hope you are n't hurt. You must have had a terrible fall from your bicycle.

DOBSON. — Nothing of the kind! Robson and I got a-talking about the best make of wheels; that's all.

AFTER THE EXPERIENCE MEETING.

DEACON BROWN. — I think they ought to adopt the five-minute rule at experience meetings.

ELDER SMITH. — That's right! Some of those sinners seemed to think they were in the United States Senate.

VIEWED ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS.

MR. JOHNSING. — I hear dat big millionaire, Mistah Peerpint Mo'gin, Esquiah, dun take up de collection at de swell St. Gawge Chu'ch, Sundays.

MR. JACKSONG (*enviously*). — U'm! ah! I'd dun be er big millionaire, mah-self, ef dey dun le' me take up der collection dah!

EVOLUTION.

BROWN. — Smith has given up fishing, eh? Why, he used to tell the most remarkable fish-stories I ever heard.

JONES. — He has dropped that department of fiction. His imagination now is exclusively devoted to century runs.

THE MILLENNIUM will be a time when people will carry out their good intentions.

HUNGER is a good sauce, but a poor entrée.



COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HE GIVES HIM ONE.

LITTLE IKEY. — You choost gif me a sum in ant'metic undt see if I don't do it!

LITTLE JAKY. — Vell, den, if a man sells a dwendy tollar coat fer six undt a quavter, how much vill he make?

A RIGHT MERRIE SONG

FOR ALL PATRIOTIC GENTLEMEN; TO BE SUNG WITH YE GLASS IN YE HAND ON YE 22 FEBRUARY.



One shall sing—

ERE 'S TO ye Man that made us so,
Here 's to ye Hero brave
Who chased ye British Grenadiers
Into ye earlie grave;
Who shut his lips and wynded his eye,
And marched his army low and high,
And made ye British far and nigh
To ramble and to rave!

Then all shall sing—

Here 's to old George Washington, George Washington, George Washington;
Drink to good George Washington, ye Father of his country!
First in Peace! (All Stand up!)
First in War! (All Drink up!)
First in ye Hearts— (Smash ye cup!)
Of his jolly countrymen!

One shall sing—

Here 's to ye Man that was ye Man,
Who never told ye lie;
Who, when his Father asked him: "George,
Who made ye Lion fly?"
Did answer straight, with ne'er a pause,
"T was me, Papa; I clipped his paws,
And sent him home with awful roars
And a bandage round his h'eye!"

Then all shall sing—

Here 's to old George Washington, George Washington, George Washington;
Drink to good George Washington, ye Father of his country!
First in Peace! (All Stand up!)
First in War! (All Drink up!)
First in ye Hearts— (Smash ye cup!)
Of his jolly countrymen!

Richard Stillman Powell.



THE FIRST MAN.



TEACHER.—Who was the first man?

LITTLE BOY (at rear of class).—George Washington, Ma'am.

"Why do you think George Washington was the first man?"

"Because he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Another boy raises his hand.

TEACHER.—Well, Johnny, who do you think was the first man?

JOHNNY.—Don't know what his name was, but I know George Washington was n't the first.

"What makes you so positive?"

"Well, my history says he married a widow; so there must have been a man ahead of him."

INCONSISTENT.

The doctor said to stay indoors
To put my cold to rout,
But since he sent his bill to me
I'm fifty dollars out.

NOT SUITED.

REAL ESTATE BROKER.—
You don't think much of the place? Why, five years ago there was n't a solitary house in the place, and now—

CUSTOMER.—Oh! I know there are solitary houses there; but I'm not looking for solitude!

SOME PEOPLE marry at leisure
and repent in haste.



SEASONABLE.

THOMPSON.—They represent the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

MRS. THOMPSON.—Sort of weather-strips, eh?

HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

MRS. VANWART (sitting up in bed, horrified).—Reginald! what made you swear so when you stepped on that tack?

VANWART (wildly).—For a moment I thought I was cycling and had punctured my tire!

NOT LIKELY TO.

HE.—If I should steal a kiss would you miss it?

SHE.—No; I would n't miss a kiss for the world, George!

IT COULD N'T HAVE BEEN.

STAPLETON.—Where did you go last night?

CALDECOTT.—Oh! I went to supper at the Van Razzlers.

STAPLETON.—Was it a regular function?

CALDECOTT.—I guess not! I had a regular square meal.



A WESTERN VIEW.

MISS UNWED.—Ah! well, marriage is a great problem.

MRS. HOGABOOM (of Chicago).—It seems more like a charade to me. I've found out "my first" and "my second," and am puzzling over "my third."

SOME GENIUS will tell the world
how to utilize the microbe.

THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY of matter is the one thing that saves the universe from wreck at the hands of the small boy.



GENERAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND (*complacently*). — I suppose you know that there were several young ladies disappointed when I married you?

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND. — *Several*, my dear? Why, every girl in my class at Vassar had prophesied a brilliant future for me!

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMAN

ON THE LARGER SCALE.

"To be sure," the train-wrecker explained, "there is no big money in my business; but, by industry and frugality, I hope eventually to amass sufficient capital to enable me to wreck a whole railroad at a time. Yes!"

STRONG IMAGINATION.

"I suppose these writers of fiction become quite interested in the characters they create."

"That's very true. You remember old Backyard Stripling. Well, when he was at work on his novel, David Silverfield, he used as the original of his villain this man Smith, on Sixty-second Street. In the fourteenth chapter, you know, he had the villain stab the preacher and burn the church. Now, you may not believe it, but that affair worked on the author's mind to such an extent that the second day after he wrote it he had poor Smith arrested for the crime, and came blamed near sending him over the road."



APPARENTLY NOT.

"Is golf a difficult game?"

"I think not, judging by some of the people who play it."

HIS ROYAL CRYNESS.

I used to call my wife my "queen,"
Which properly entails
A title on my infant, so
I call him "Prince of Wails."

MRS. DE STYLE. — I have n't any faith in that new doctor.

MRS. FRENCH. — Why?

MRS. DE STYLE. — He charges only two dollars a visit.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS — To Abdicate.

THE DAY-DREAM is almost sure to go by contraries if you spend too much time at it.



COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMAN

MORE THAN HE REQUIRED.

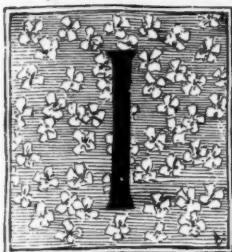
FLOWERY FIELDS. — Hev yer heard 'bout dis new machine, Bill, dat takes two thousand photygraphs uv a feller in a minute?

WEARY WILLY. — Naw — wot's de idea?

FLOWERY FIELDS. — W'y, so's ter git every single move dat a feller makes — jess de same ez life.

WEARY WILLY. — Jess de same ez life, eh! — well, one photygraph an hour would be more'n sufficient ter take every move I make!

SATISFACTORILY CONCLUDED.



IHAD FULLY made up my mind to propose to Miss Verile. In fact that was the reason I called. I confess I was nervous, but I think I concealed it perfectly. Not that I intended to startle her by springing the subject suddenly upon her, but because I was ashamed to be anything but composed. I paid the closest attention to the conversation and several times thought I saw a way to broach the subject, but each time I failed to improve the opportunity. I was getting desperate, also more and more nervous.

"How did you spend your Summer, Mr. Gumpert?" she asked at last.

"Spent it — spent it thinking of you," I gasped, wildly. I momentarily closed my eyes, so I did not see whether she started or blushed. All I know is, that when I opened them she sat calmly looking at me, a trifle curiously, I think. I felt that the worst was over, so I continued:

"Miss Verile — Grace, I have been lov-lov-ing you and — dreaming of you all the time. I want to marry you, — I mean, I want you to be my wife."

"It amounts to the same thing, Mr. Gumpert, though I think the first the preferable way to put it," she replied. "I will say frankly that I have thought it possible you would some day screw up your courage to this pitch, and I have, consequently, thoroughly considered the matter. I have decided that, as our tastes and temperaments possess that oppositeness approaching incompatibility, which is, I believe, a desideratum in wedlock, to accept you. Always —"

"Grace, my darling!" I broke in, starting up, I confess, with the intention of taking her in my arms and kissing her.

"Stop! Let us discuss this matter calmly, as sensible people should," she said, holding up her hand, commandingly and petrifying me where I stood. "Always, as I was going to say, upon consideration that you can satisfy me that I shall lose nothing. I do not insist, you see, upon gaining, but I must be assured that I will not miss any of the opportunities I possess, or can reasonably expect to possess, of rounding out and perfecting my life. The chief consideration is, of course, pecuniary. You know that I am reading for admission to the bar?"

"Yes," I acknowledged, fidgeting from one foot to the other and back again.

"I have made careful calculations," she resumed, "and I do not think



A POOR OUTLOOK.

SHE.—I don't think they will be happy. She must be twenty years his junior.
HE.—And just think what the disparity will be ten years from now!

it excessive to put my earnings as a lawyer at ten thousand dollars per annum. Can you allow me, or, rather, settle upon me, that income?"

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "Miss Verile — Grace, I mean, — that is twice as much as my income!"

"Then it is entirely useless to continue this negotiation," she said with decision. "I am sorry, for, as I have said, I think in many ways we are suited for each other, but I repeat I can not risk stunting my mental growth."

"But for some years, you know, you would n't make that much," I argued, despondently.

"N — No, I suppose not," she assented.

"Well, my income will grow," I continued, more hopefully; "and doubtless by the time you would earn that much I can make you that allowance. Besides, think what a lot of expenses you'll save by marrying me."

"There is something in that," she said, reflectively.

"And you'll always be sure of a case, for I'll plunge into litigation as often as you want me to," I urged.

"I — I consent!" she cried. A moment after, as she snuggled closer in my arms, she whispered: "And I might never have made more than nine thousand a year, anyway."

Alex. Ricketts.

AFFECTION.

"He's very fond of his horse, is n't he?"

"Very. Why, he's as fond of his horse as the average man is of his wheel!"

FIN DE SIÈCLE KING.

A great head he already hath,
And the lion needs no more
Than to learn to smoke a cigarette
And emit a college roar.

IT is a cool frying-pan that a man will not jump out of in order to test the temperature of the fire.

THE PECULIARITY of the pavement which is made of good intentions is that the traveling becomes faster as the material wears out.



COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAN

THEIR IDEA OF PROHIBITION.

PARCHED DRUMMER (in Kansas).—Can I — ah! — get a drink in this town? stomach trouble and — er — h'm! — all that, you know.

LANDLORD.—Sure thing; as easy as rollin' off from a greased log! I reckon there is more whiskey prohibited here than in any other town of this size in the State.





COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMAN

PRECEDENCE.

TEACHER.—Now, Thomas, why do we all love George Washington?
PUPIL.—'Cause school lets out on his birthday, and he was the Father of his Country.

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS NOT BLISS.

"Say, old man, Miss Hugus told me last night that I reminded her of the Venus of Milo. Who was he?"
"It is n't a he, it's a she; and—I—don't—see—. Oh! yes, I do; the Venus of Milo has n't any arms, you idiot."

QUIET ENOUGH.

BROWN.—Why do they call the bicycle "the silent steed?"

SMITH.—I don't know, exactly. The horse is n't saying a word, is he?

A STUDENT.

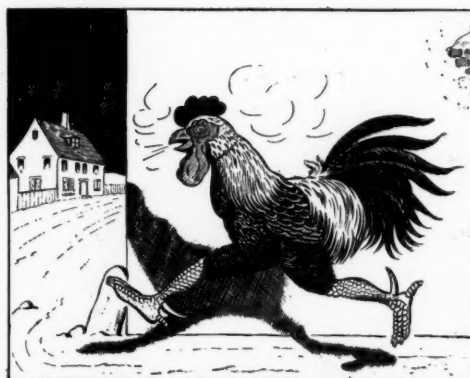
SHE.—Yes, I can give you some work.

HE.—T'anks, Madam, I don't want der job. I was jest investigatin' der disputed question, whether an able-bodied man what's willin' to work can get work ter do.

AN IMPROMPTU REFORMATION.



DAWSON (as he is about to enter the fancy-dress ball).—Great Scott! Jen, I have forgotten the tickets. You just wait here in the foyer and I'll run home and get them. I won't be ten minutes.



DAWSON.—I am the most forgetful man that ever lived; but what I lack in memory I'll make up in swiftness of limb.



MR. JACKSON (returning from a successful raid).—Talk t' me 'bout jinin' chu'ch an gibbin' up chickin'; not on yo' li—



MR. JACKSON (as DAWSON flies by).—Weow! Dat's a debbil's chicken! O Lord! hab mercy on a po' ole cullud sinner! I nebber steal chickens no mo!

BEYOND DOUBT.

JACK WRAPPID.—I wish to retain your services in order to contest my father's will, upon the ground that he was insane when it was drawn up. He has left me but twenty thousand dollars, while the remainder of the estate goes to my brother.

EMINENT ATTORNEY.—Have you any proof that your parent was of unsound mind when he made his will?

JACK WRAPPID.—Proof? Why, the fact that he has left me anything at all, will prove that!

THE BOOK THAT FAILED.

A man once wrote a book which seemed to possess all the elements of success. The plot was original and artistic. The dialogues were bright and witty. The characters were cleverly delineated. But the book failed miserably. Why? The unfortunate author named his hero John Skaggs, his heroine Maria Doakes, and then gave his villain a nice, euphonious name like Harold Daringford.

GLOOM.

JONES.—What is the trouble here, Jenkins? Everybody in your office looks as blue as indigo. Is business bad?

JENKINS.—Business is all right, but the typewriter is going to leave.

A COLD OUTLOOK.

FIRST CHEERFUL IDIOT (in elevated car, shivering).—Heavens! Is n't this cold and bleak!

SECOND CHEERFUL IDIOT (impressively).—Yes;—and the guard has just called out: "The next station's Bleecker!"

HIS THEORY.

SHE.—I'm sure the gas was not left burning when we went out. I think the flat has been robbed.

HE.—But nothing is missing. Perhaps some emissary of the gas company has broken into our apartments and lit the gas.

CONCLUSIVE.

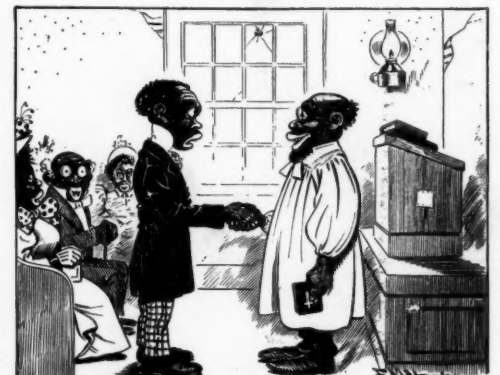
MOTHER (anxiously).—Do you imagine Jack bets on horses, my dear?

MIRIAM (confidently).—Oh! I'm sure he does n't! I've heard him growl fifty times that he can never pick a winning horse.

IN THE CONTRACT.

CALLER.—I wonder that you allow those Sunday papers in your house!

HARLEM FLATT.—My dear fellow, the cook insists upon it.



THE PASTOR (next Sunday morning).—Mistah Jacksing, dis am one ob de proudest moments ob my life. As yo' say yo' hab seed de'err ob yo' ways, an' odder strange things, an' renounce de evil ob dis world, I welcomes yo' as a memba ob dis chu'ch!



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, February 24, 1897. — No. 1042.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS. — The contents of Puck are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

PUCK'S Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EVOLUTION
IN THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH is so decent and well-conducted an institution in the main that we are very apt to forget the wide gulf between its platform and its practice. Only now and then are we reminded of it by some preacher who has forgotten it himself and who quite unconsciously illuminates it. One such performed this service lately from a New York pulpit. Ostensibly he preaches the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is strenuous, it will be remembered, about certain duties of the rich. They are directed, among other things, to sell all that they have and give to the poor; and they are warned, with the help of a quaint and pregnant simile, that the gaining of heaven by a rich man is a matter of extreme difficulty. While this plank in the platform of Christianity has never been officially repudiated, the words of the preacher in question imply that it has become dead wood. For, addressing a congregation of the rich, he besought them — not to sell their all and give to the poor — but to avoid display in spending their money upon themselves, in a time when the poor are poorer than usual, lest they be provoked to unholy covetousness. It will be seen that here is a wide departure from the teachings of Him who founded Christianity. "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," and "Be careful how you spend your money just now, lest the poor insist upon having some of it," prescribe very different lines of conduct and imply very different motives. In the light of Dr. Rainsford's warning the earlier view of wealth savors of Kansas and Populism. But, so long as the Church pretends to hold it as inspired, Dr. Rainsford's paraphrase is clearly heretical. The world has grown wise enough to admit that the rich man may do with his own as he will, but that is aside from the question, — which is the sincerity of the Church. If it condemns as a heretic a minister who disbelieves the story told of Jonah and the whale, or the one of God calling some bears to eat up two little children who were dis-

respectful to bald-headed Elisha, how can it condone the graver heresy of one who thus perverts the really vital teachings of Christ? Ought it not either to amend its platform or stand upon it? Is it good to show contempt for it so brazenly?

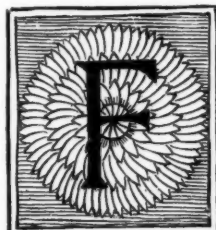
"ACCESSORY
BEFORE THE
FACT."

BETTER in New York than during the past year. It is a perilous trade, but many fire-bugs seem to have prospered exceedingly. The thing most in their favor seems to have been the readiness of the Insurance Companies to coöperate with them. That does not seem too strong a word when we consider the facts. For they allow the over-insurance of property to an extent that frankly promises arson. The man Zucker, for example, who was recently sentenced to thirty-six years' imprisonment for this crime, had an insurance of five thousand dollars on a building that was barely worth five hundred. This laxity of method is a most appealing invitation to all who will to commit the crime of arson. So long as the companies over-insure in this reckless fashion, there will be men with houses to burn. Whether this tendency to abet the fire-bug is due to careless management or to indiffer-ent greed, we do not know; but whatever it is, it borders upon the criminal and should engage the attention of the authorities.

AN OPENING FOR
MR. COMSTOCK.

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, agent of one of our numerous societies for the Advertisement of Vice, makes the discovery three or four times a year that the works of Fielding, Balzac and Boccaccio are immoral. Whereupon he arrests a few booksellers for having these works in stock. Just why he makes himself ridiculous in this way we can not guess. We have never heard of any intelligent crusade against these works, and they are, indeed, highly thought of by those who know literature. Mr. Comstock does not know literature, it is true. We suspect that he has never taken the trouble to learn to read, holding the art to be effeminate and frivolous. But he has just now a chance to vary his programme of being a public nuisance, and we hasten to point it out to him. The last annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children declares that there is an alarming increase in the number of child criminals, and that this increase is due to certain of our daily papers. "Lurid stories of crime, illustrated by vivid pictures representing criminals in daring and attractive attitudes; descriptions of criminals arrested for gross immoralities, with like pictorial illustrations; narratives of these, and especially of children charged with crime, where all the details are elaborated with the greatest care, with pictures often of a salacious character" — these, the society thinks, are especially dangerous to children, and they make "what may well be called vicious journalism." "The decent members of the community exclude such vile poison from their houses," says the report further; "but it is greedily devoured by the uneducated classes." Now, if Mr. Comstock wishes to change the ridicule he has aroused heretofore to respect and admiration, let him end his crusade against the classics and begin a fight against the dangerous filth of the "new journalism." He will find a splendid opening almost any Sunday.

FOILED.



RIEND. — I tell you, things are booming over at Basswood Corners. They've got the report out all over that part of the country that their town marshal is sure of a Cabinet position, and it's advertising the town like blazes.

PRESIDENT MUDSOCK IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. — They have? The scoundrels! They think to steal a march on us. Well, I'll show them! I'll have a report published this week in every paper in this neck o' woods, saying that our beautiful and enterprising town has been selected for the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight.

the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight.

FORBEARANCE NO LONGER A VIRTUE.

HICKS. — It is very unfortunate that right after this arbitration talk between the United States and England the relations between the two countries are about to be strained to the utmost, and our Jingo papers given an opportunity to indulge in war talk hot enough to make the news-boys smoke.

WICKS. — Heavens! What is the cause of it?

HICKS. — Oh! They say, this man, Austin, is preparing a twenty-seven stanza poem in honor of the friendly feeling between the two countries.

A CHANGE OF EMPLOYMENT.

"Are you designing posters now?" said Tenspot to his friend, the artist with the abnormal imagination.

"Not now," was the reply. "I am designing Spring styles in colored shirt fronts at present."

AS BAD AS EVER.

JONES. — Do cigars improve with age?

BROWN. — Some don't. This one I'm smoking is out of a box my wife gave me five years ago.



BROTHERLY COMMENT.

MRS. NEWLYBLESSED (*gratified*). — You say baby looks like his father? HER BROTHER (*critically*). — Yes; — it has its father's bicycle face.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN



The plain people must not be irritated by showy turnouts, — if the rich can not ride like this, let them walk.



The rich should eat in plain oyster-houses, like the masses, and stop gorging and guzzling in gilded restaurants and hotels.

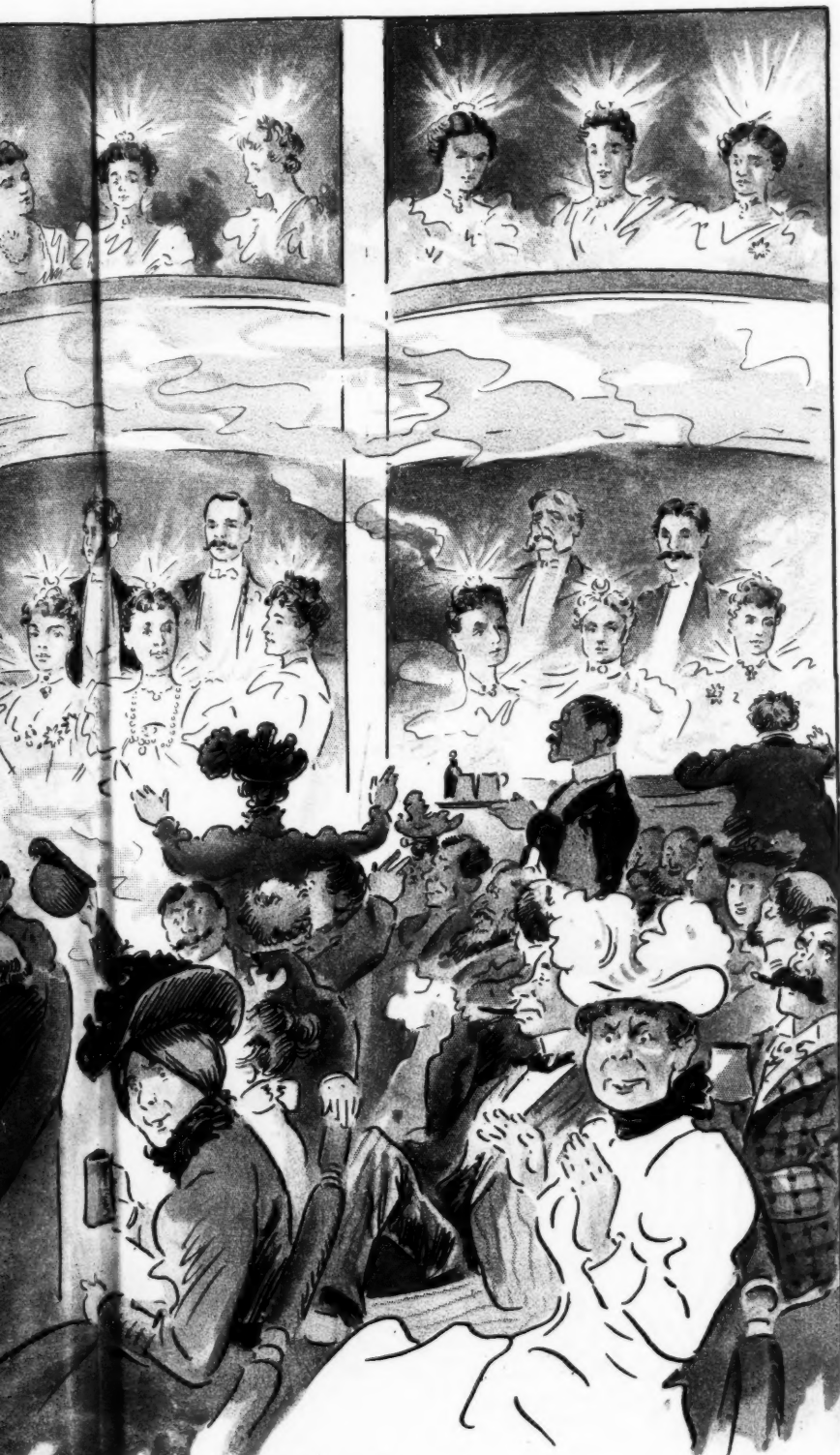


Rich men must no longer lavish money on high-priced tailors, — they must patronize the honest merchants who clothe the horny-handed sons of toil.



It is time for the world to stop dis- seek their amusement in the people van

PUCK.

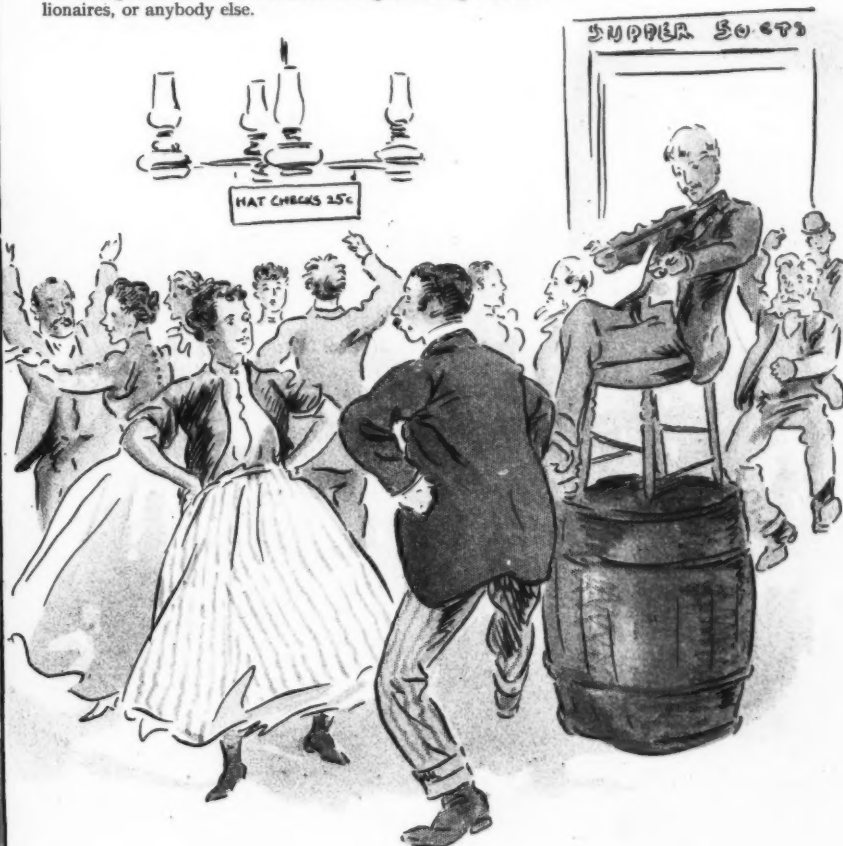


the wealthy top displaying their diamonds in costly opera-boxes, — they should
men in the people variety shows that divert the worthy middle classes.

RIGHT — THE RICH MUST BE REGULATED.
— PROUD EXTRAVAGANCE, AND GET RIGHT DOWN TO DEMOCRATIC SIMPLICITY.



Away with the palatial and expensive clubs, — the simple
social organizations of the humble are good enough for mil-
lionaires, or anybody else.



And if they must give balls, let them do it in such a democratic way
that the common people will have nothing to object to.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

A MODERN HERO IN ELYSIUM.



HE MAJESTIC shade of Napoleon eyed the newcomer with a haughty frown.

"I am told," he said, in slow, scornful tones, "that on earth you were what is called a 'Napoleon of Finance.'"

He hissed out the phrase with indescribable contempt.

"The pitiful, huckstering wretches, to dignify by a name, that was once the terror of the world, that recalls the thunder of cannon and hecatombs of slain, your sordid swindling transactions! It is an insult to the warriors

who sleep in a hundred battle-fields — all for Me! Napoleon of Finance! Bah!"

Proudly and calmly did the new arrival listen to this indignant tirade, and at its close replied with dignity:

"I must say I am a little surprised at this reception from one from whom I expected a fraternal recognition. I know nothing in our respective earthly careers which can justify the discourteous expressions you have employed. You speak of your 'hecatombs of slain' as constituting your title to glory. Are you aware, may I ask, that in addition to other operations of magnitude I organized at least half a dozen trolley-companies?"

And he drew himself up proudly and gazed with an expression of confident self-assertion at the Emperor, who, lowering his eyes and growling out something he meant for an apology, folded his astral cloak around him and stalked off gloomily across the plains of Asphodel.

P. T.

HE CITES A CASE.

AUNTIE.—You say you had a bad cold? Did you ever hear of a good cold?

JOHNNY.—I had one once that kept me home from school.

IN BOSTON.

DELIGHTED FATHER.—Twelve pounds, you say? And a boy?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes, sir; and I have no hesitation in saying that he is the most intellectual-looking baby I ever saw.

AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—Don't you know what it means to nominate a man by acclamation?

SECOND POLITICIAN.—Of course I do! It's when there's no kickers and everybody shouts for the boss's man.



COPYRIGHT 1907, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

COULD NOT UNDERSTAND IT.

KATZENSTEIN (*proudly*).—Twenty-seven years ago I came to New York undt sharted in peeshnish righd in dis same shstore I'm in now.

LEVY (*astounded*).—Suffering Rachel! Vas it made of asbestos?

THAT WORLD-RENOVED DIRECTORY.

WIGGINS.—Here in this Chicago directory is a singular coincidence in names. The following named ladies reside at the same address: Arabella Porkchop, Arabella Porkchop Pygmete, Arabella Porkchop Pygmete Divorsay, and Arabella Porkchop Pygmete Divorsay Lard.

MUGGINS.—Oh! that's the result of an order from the city council to boom the city. All women are put down that way. That's all one person.

VERY LIKELY.

"They say Toughleigh's widow looks much better in black."
"I don't know. I'm told she feels much better in it."



COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

A TREAT.

FIRST DEAF MUTE (*at the Opera, speaking by finger-signs, enthusiastically*).—Are n't you enjoying this opera greatly?

SECOND DEAF MUTE (*speaking ditto, jubilantly*).—Immensely! You and I can't be annoyed, by the people talking, in the boxes!

WILLING TO MARRY HIM.

HE.—Am I good enough for you, darling?

SHE.—No, George; but you are too good for any other girl.

NOWISE INFERIOR.

ALGY.—She has accepted Freddy Numbskull, Cholly?

CHOLLY (*sadly*).—Yes. Am not I just as good as Freddy Numbskull, Algy?

ALGY (*warmly*).—You are, bah Jove! He's nothing but a conceited ass!

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

FIRST REPORTER.—He talked freely, did he?

SECOND REPORTER.—So freely that I won't have to add a word to his statement.

IT WAS DIFFERENT NOW.

JONES.—Did his money make a fool of him?

BROWN.—Oh, no! Everybody said he was a fool till he got his money.

HAD HIS FEARS.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—Don't you think my play caught the audience?

MANAGER.—Yes, this time; but I fear it will never do so again.





NEW AMSTERDAM

PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA

The Invalid,

Those who lack vitality—the languid, those suffering from some accident which has made them almost hopeless of recovery, those with debilitating ailments, those with an unaccountable weakness and lack of physical force, those with health impaired, or those slowly recovering from disease or fever, *are invalids.*

No gift of modern science is to them a greater blessing than

PABST MALT EXTRACT

THE "BEST" TONIC.

It lifts, strengthens, builds, is vivifying, life-giving, gives vim and bounce—it braces. It takes a subtle hold on disease, wrestles with it, eradicates it, fills the system with warm, pulsating blood, and gives the power to do and dare. For the invalid, therefore, be it father, mother, sister, brother, there is nothing to be compared with Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO



WHAT'S THE GOOD OF ANYTHING?
 "I found a lead-pencil this morning."
 "That is n't very remarkable."
 "Well, but it had one of those safety
 pocket-holders on it."—*Yale Record*.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
 heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It
 is the favorite of the artists and the refined
 musical public.
SOHMER & CO.,
 Piano Manufacturers,
 149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

Is Your Throat Weak?

Your throat is weak. Any unusual exposure or quick change in temperature causes roughness and uneasiness. Sometimes you have a feeling of tightness as if some foreign body were there. You can treat it with troches and washes, but you don't reach the seat of the trouble. Throat weakness is a symptom of more general disturbance. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil *does* cure weak throats by nourishing and strengthening the system. Book about it sent free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
 Steam Engineering
 (Stat., Loco. & Mar.)
 Mechanical Drawing
 Machine Design
 Architectural Drawing
 Plumbing & Heating
 Civil Engineering
 Mining & Prospecting
 English Branches
 Book Keeping

TO WORKINGMEN
PROFESSIONAL MEN
YOUNG MEN
 and others who cannot
 afford to lose time from
 work. Send for Free
 Circular and References
 Stating the Subject you
 wish to Study, to
 The International
 Correspondence Schools,
 Box 918, Scranton, Pa.



PISO'S CURE FOR
 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
 in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

CANDY—Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
 for a superb box of candy
 by express, prepaid east of
 Denver or west of New York.
 Suitable for presents. Sample
 orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
 212 State St., Chicago.

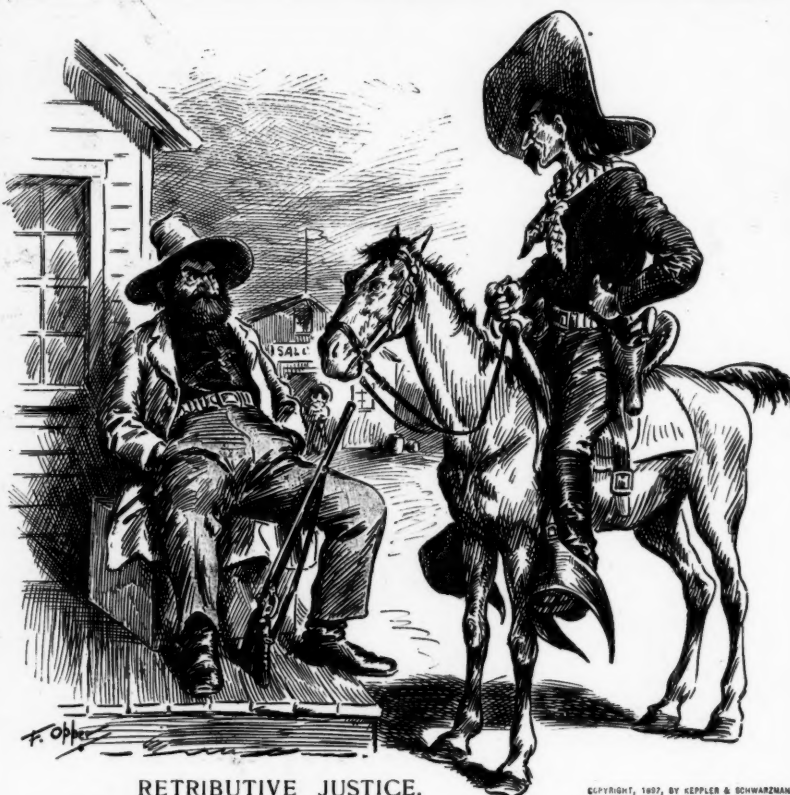
DEAFNESS
 and Head Noises relieved by using
 Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.
 New scientific invention; different
 from all other devices. The only safe,
 simple, comfortable and inviolable Ear
 Drum in the world. Helps where
 medical skill fails. No wire or string
 attachment. Write for pamphlet
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
 Offices: 230 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
 1122 Broadway, Room 236, N. Y.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Want-
 ed." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway,
 New York.

FRESHLEIGH 'OO.—James, how does
 the button come into my salad?
 JAMES (the waiter).—Oh! dat am
 paht ob de dressin', sah! — *Princeton*
Tiger.



An Illustrated Story!



RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

BRONCO PETE.—We lynched ex-Assemblyman Bigyap las' night. The critter spoke
 fer most two hours, too, 'fore we swung him off.
 GRIZZLY DAN.—Was n't it terrible tedious?
 BRONCO PETE.—Oh, no!—fer whilst he wuz speakin', we wuz a-lynchin' th' feller
 thet ast him ef he hed anythin' ter say.

BOKER'S BITTERS
 An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
 EST. 1857.
 COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

ALL HE COULD DO.
 With the first pull the bell-rope part-
 ed. The sexton was in despair. Then a
 happy thought struck him, and he wrung
 his hands.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Somerset Club



Absolutely
 Pure.
 Very Old.
 Delicious
 Flavor.

Rye Whiskey.

DISTILLED IN MARYLAND.

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no
 superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and
 Hotels. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt
 of 25 cents for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used
 in their manufacture, it being fine grained and
 elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown
 by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
 free from defects. The tempering is excellent
 and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
 Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

The New Models
 OF THE
Remington
 NUMBER 6 Standard Typewriter NUMBER 7
 embody the prac-
 tical experience of years, and the guar-
 antee of a long-established reputation.
 MANY VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.
 WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
 327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

URBANA
WINE COMPANY
Gold Seal
Champagne

For Sale by
 All Leading Wine Dealers
 and Grocers

Address the Company: URBANA, N. Y.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
 BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St.,
 All kinds of paper made to order.

PHYSICIAN.—You have only a few
 minutes to live. Have you any last
 wish?

PATIENT.—I wish I had engaged
 another doctor.—*Yale Record*.

Morning, Noon and Night, Splendid Trains to Chicago — via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



CALVÉ

SAYS:

"The genuine JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract has done wonders for me. I use it constantly, and find myself much benefited thereby. It aids digestion, tones the system, and makes me strong enough to withstand the great nervous strain occasioned by my professional duties."

EMMA CALVÉ.

Ask for the Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.
ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Duplicate Whist

simple as the old game with
KALAMAZOO
WHIST TRAYS
Used by
Leading
Whist Clubs
SIMPLEST TO OPERATE
Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays
ASK STATIONER, OR
Jhing Bros. & Everard, Kalamazoo, Mich.



CAUTION!

"THE BENEDICT"
(TRADE MARK)
END VIEW
PERFECT COLLAR BUTTON.

The demand for this useful article has become so universal that poor counterfeits have been put upon the market. Every genuine Benedict Collar Button has the name "Benedict" and date of patent stamped upon it—take no other.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS
(OUR SPECIALTIES).
FINE GOLD JEWELRY AND STERLING SILVERWARE.
Benedict Brothers,
JEWELERS,
Broadway and Cortlandt St.
SIDE VIEW



SIZED UP.

FIRST TRAMP.—I tried dat wunst. I went into a man's office an' t'reatened to blow him up wid dynamite if he did n't shell out ten t'ousand.

SECOND TRAMP.—Did he t'row you out?

FIRST TRAMP.—No; but he ast me ter take a chair till he 'd send fer de perleece.

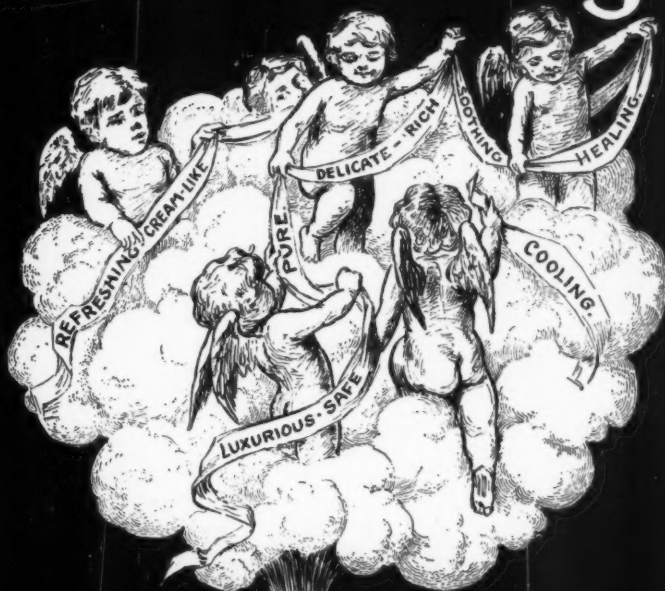
For the Postage—A Sample of Famous

Sozodont

FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City. Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma Soap, Spalding's Glue and other well-known preparations.

Williams' Shaving Soap



Venus

the symbol of Beauty and perfection was born, according to Mythology, from the foam of the Ocean.

From
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP,
also the symbol of perfection, spring, healing, comfort, luxury & virtues innumerable.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in principal forms—sold by Dealers everywhere:



Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 cents.
Round—just fits the cup.
Delightfully perfumed.



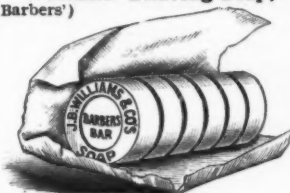
"Genuine Yankee" Soap
10 cents.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.

NOTE.—If your dealer does not have these Soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price. All four kinds sent for \$1.00 in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Stick
25 cents.



Williams' Shaving Soap,
(Barbers')



This is the kind your barber should use.
Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath.
Used in thousands of the best families.
Sure cure for "chapped hands."
6 cakes in a package—40 cents.
Trial sample for 2 cent stamp.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury Ct., U. S. A.

LONDON: 64 Great Russell St., N. W.

SIDNEY: 161 Clarence St.

GIBBS & WAGSTAFF, N.Y.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

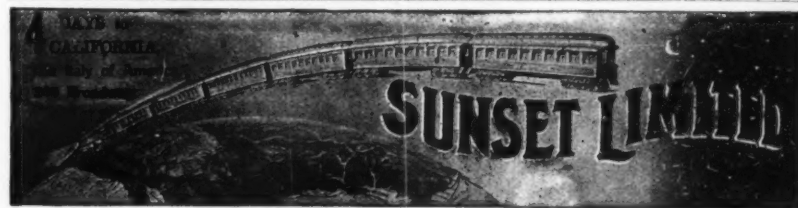
Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. S. McVILLO & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.



NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

"HAT A LOT you must have learned in college, Mr. Grad," said Miss Simpson, as the conversation lagged. "Ah! no — that is, a little," he replied, modestly. "Of course a man picks up a lot of valuable information that is useful in after life." "Of course," assented the girl, vaguely. "For instance," he continued, earnestly, "let us take the word 'osculation.' Do you know what that means?" "Oh, Mr. Grad!" said she, drawing slightly away from him and blushing furiously. "One curve," said he, adjusting his eye glasses and rumpling his hair, "is said to osculate another when several points are common to it with the other, and the degree of osculation is said to be high or low according as the number of possible points of contact are many or few. The number of possible points of contact is determined by the number of constants contained in the equation" — "Really, Mr. Grad" — "To the tangent curve," he went on, enthusiastically, "supposing the number of constants in the equation to the curve which is touched to be greater. The same is true of a straight line and a curve. The equation to a straight line being of the form $ax + b$, contains" — "Really, Mr. Grad," continued Miss Simpson, rising with an imperious air, "I had no idea the hour was so late. Won't you take me to Mama?"

Sidney.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

HENRIQUES (*gloomily*).—I've been dragooned into engaging a dance with that Miss Plumpersquat! OTTINGER (*sympathetically*).—Why don't you get her to go out to refreshments, instead? HENRIQUES (*appalled*).—Heavens! I'd rather dance with her than watch her eat!

SPECULATION.

FIRST TRAMP.—I dunno as I want to live to be old. SECOND TRAMP.—Well, it must be comfortable to feel that nobody expects yer to do nothin'.

IKE'S MISINTERPRETATION.

TOURIST.—No doubt the stranger who called you a liar was badly perturbed when you fired at him? ALKALI IKE (*who has been telling a reminiscence*).—Wal, yes; but he was well enough to git out of bed an' leave the county in about two weeks.

STREET RAILWAY PUNCTUATION.

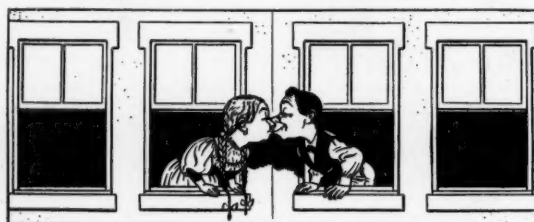
GUMMEY.—The car did n't come to a full stop to let you off, did it? GLANDERS.—No; it merely slowed up to a semicolon.



LOVE AND TROUBLE IN ROSEBUD FLATS;

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY KEEPLER & SCHWARZMAN

OR, HOW PARENTAL PREVENTERS OF YOUTHFUL LOVE MET WITH UNEXPECTED RETRIBUTION.



HE.—Ah! my golden-haired darling! Just one kiss!



HIS MOTHER (*in the next room*).—Th' saints preserve me if there ain't me Dennis kissin' av thot Dutch girl nixt door! Oi'll stop thot! HER FATHER (*in the next room*).—Dunder undt Blitzen! If dot girl vos makin' lofe to dot Irish next door, I endt dot, andt it?



HIS MOTHER (*coming suddenly into her son's room*).—Yez, young blaguard! Phwat do yez mane by makin' av love to low Dutch? Come in! Leave this room! HER FATHER (*coming suddenly into his daughter's room*).—I see me you vas makin' lofe to dot Irish fellow next door. I vill teach you somedings, Miss. Get out of dis!



HIS MOTHER (*after her son leaves the room*).—Oi will play a thrick on thot yellow-haired chippy nixt door and tache her not to make love to my son. HER FATHER (*after his daughter leaves the room*).—Verplatz! I shows dot fellow dot he gan't kiss mein daughter. I fools him der negxt times.

NO FEE DESERVED.

"No more late hours, remember, Mr. Grimshaw," concluded the eminent specialist. "No more cigars; no more small bottles!" "H'm!" replied Grimshaw, in a non-committal way. "Good day, Doctor."

"Pardon me," said the physician, suavely; "but the—ah! fee—for my advice is ten dollars." "Very likely it is worth that amount, but as I have concluded not to take it, of course I owe you nothing."

And he departed, leaving the eminent specialist entirely without language appropriate for the emergency.

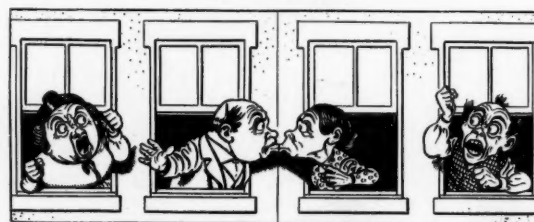
UNGRATEFUL.

"Nan, did that editor return your manuscript?"

"Yes; the mean old thing! Why, I poured a whole ounce of the best violet extract on that story!"



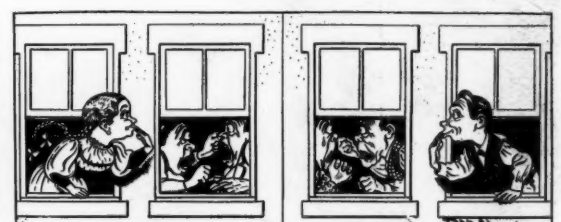
HIS MOTHER.—Oi hears him still at thot nixt-door windy. My voice is jist loike my son's; Oi'll fool her. Is that you, Lena? HER FATHER.—Dere vas dot young scamps galling mein daughter again. I fools him dis time. (*Assuming his daughter's tone.*) Yaw, Dennis, dear!



HIS MOTHER. } Smack! —!!!!!! HER FATHER. } DENNIS' FATHER.—Oi t'ought somethink was goin' on at thot nixt windy. Oi caught ye thot toime, yez female pace av unfaithfulness! LENA'S MOTHER.—Ach! mein Gott! I t'inks I hears me somedings. Now I haf me found outd your infidelity!



HIS MOTHER.—Jist wan swate, quick kiss while no wan bees lookin', Lena, darlint! Are yez ready? HER FATHER.—Yaw, mein sweet von!



TABLEAU!

HIS STATUS.

ASKINS.—That fellow, Petty, does n't amount to much, does he? I should call him a small potato.

GRIMSHAW.—Yes; he would be considered very small, even in Greenland, where the largest potatoes are no bigger than marbles.

TWINS.

LANDLADY.—I congratulate you, sir! A boy, or a girl?

OLDBOARDER.—A little of both, thank you!

AN UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

FIRST CAT.—What is your opinion about bootjacks?

SECOND CAT.—Can't you see I'm on the fence?

SOCIETY LAVISHNESS.

OTTINGER.—I hear the Vanward reception was a gorgeous affair.

HENRIQUES.—Yes; champagne flowed like beer!

A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE

YALE MIXTURE



IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED

The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCOS

2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.

Send 10 c. in stamps for pair of CELLULOID WHIST COUNTERS

MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE MD.
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR

NOT LEGAL TENDER

"What's the matter, chum?" asked the college student of his room mate, who was making the air a dark blue.

"Matter? I wrote the governor to send me some money for text-books, and here he's sent me the books. I can never pay my bills at this rate."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOT GUILTY.

PROPRIETOR.—Go tell that man who just came in to shut the door. I hate such carelessness!

CLERK.—That was n't carelessness on his part, sir; it was a precaution. He's a book agent.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

NELL.—They say that Kitty Passe has decided not to get married until eight years hence.

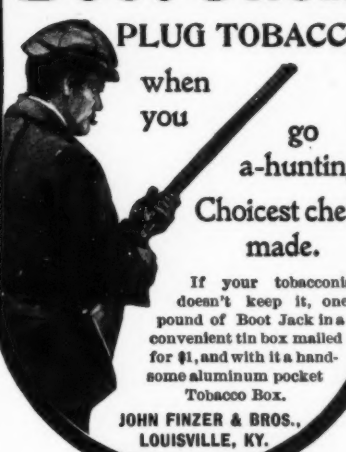
MADGE.—How is that, I wonder?

NELL.—There won't be another leap year till then.—*Norristown Herald.*

Don't forget to take along a supply of

Boot Jack

PLUG TOBACCO



when you go a-hunting.

Choicest chew made.

If your tobacconist doesn't keep it, one pound of Boot Jack in a convenient tin box mailed for \$1, and with it a handsome aluminum pocket Tobacco Box.

JOHN FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A FIXED TIME.

CREDITOR.—But, my dear Sir Baron, I can't spare the time every day trying to collect this money; please fix a day on which you will pay this overdue bill.

BARON.—On what day can you best get off?

CREDITOR.—That would be on Thursday.

BARON.—Well, then, come every Thursday.—*German Exchange.*

HOTEL TRAYMORE.

—Atlantic City, N. J.
Appointments complete. Location unexcelled.
THE HOTEL TRAYMORE CO.
D. S. WHITE, Jr., Manager.

JUDGE.—Has the jury come to an agreement yet?

FOREMAN.—No, your Honor! There are two who refuse to give an opinion until they consult their wives!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE.—Her face is her fortune.

SHE.—Then she is a self-made woman.—*Yale Record.*

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT

GOLDEN SCEPTRE

IS PERFECTION

SEND FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE 10c

PRICES 1lb 1.30; 1/4lb 40c

POSTAGE PAID. CATALOGUE FREE.

SURBURG, 159 FULTON ST., N.Y. CITY.



Matchless in every Feature!

CALIFORNIA.

Two Tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia February 24, and March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTINGS of the highest grade in every particular.

Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburgh: First tour, \$350; second tour, \$210. From Boston: First tour, \$355; second, \$220.

For itineraries and all information of California, Florida and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 2106 Broadway, New York; 205 Washington Street, Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Asst Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI

Angostura Bark Bitters



Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle 2 of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"WHEN FATIGUED AND COMPLETELY WORN OUT, NO REMEDY CAN BE SO THOROUGHLY RELIED UPON AS VIN MARIANI."

CAMPANINI.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

PARIS: 41 Bd Haussmann
LONDON: 599 Oxford St.

62 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

Arnold Constable & Co.

COTTON DRESS FABRICS.

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON'S Celebrated

Zephyrs and Zephyrines.

Checks, Stripes, and Plaids in novel effects and Colorings.

ORGANDIES.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

FINE BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 160 engravings.

N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.

THE expert musical instructor needs know how to cultivate the voice and the imagination.

—Adams Freeman.

THE PURE ALUMINUM MATCH SAFE is the best made. Sent to any address for \$1.00.

ANSONIA SAFE CO., Ansonia, Ct.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 2c. at dealers.

G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

PILES and CONSTIPATION cured free. A sample of the best remedy on earth mailed free of charge.

Prof. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

HARE LIPS spoil life's enjoyment.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d Street, New York, makes life pleasant by eradicating hare lips, birthmarks, and the like. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.



THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

FIRST HARD-LOOKING PARTY (with a far-away look).—See dat church over dere, Bill? Well, dat 's where I useter go to Sunday-school and church when I was a boy.


SECOND HARD-LOOKING PARTY.—S'pose it takes yer back ter de time of yer boyhood days; when yer sainted mother useter take yer by de hand an' lead yer to der place of worship? It makes yer t'ink 'bout all dem t'ings, don't it?

FIRST HARD-LOOKING PARTY.—Naw! I was t'inkin' dat if dey kept de Communion service an' de cash-box in de same place it would be a dead easy cinch fer us ter rob it to-night.

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American Tonic, can not be successfully imitated in this country. Insist on having the only genuine, prepared by Dr. Siegert.

A picnic is not complete without some Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. A lunch with it is fit for the gods.

FOR FAST TIME



HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES

Both speed and reliability in "HARTFORD" TIRES.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Toronto.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Write John Wedderburn & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Catheters help when all else fails. As glasses help eyes, this helps ears. Whispers heard. Send to F. H. Hoxey Co., 855 E. 17th St., N. Y., for Book and Proof FREE.

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, HEART-BURN, and all Stomach Troubles relieved and cured in short order by FLORAPLETON. Sample bottle free by mail. Every drop is worth its weight in gold when you need it. Address Franklin Hart, 92 John St., New York.

SEN-SEN

THROAT EASE

AND BREATH PERFUME.

Good for Young and Old

At all Dealers or sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps

SEN-SEN CO., DEPT. A, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

NO-TO-BAC GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE

Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bac is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantees and free sample. Address THE STELLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.



"Conductor, you forgot to collect my fare, — here it is. I never take a dishonest advantage of railroad companies."



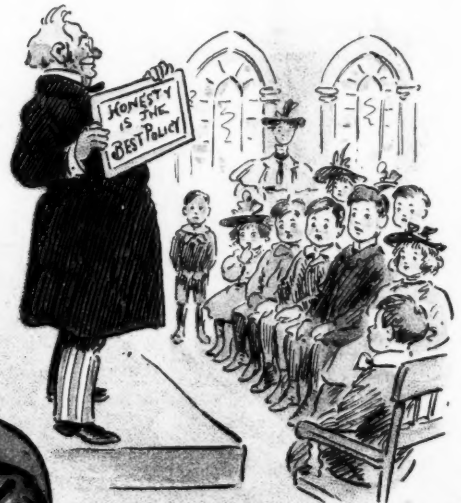
"I'm much obliged to you, Smith, but I would rather not borrow your umbrella, — I might forget to return it, and that would be against my principles."



"Pardon me, Madame, but you dropped this bridge-ticket, — my conscience would n't let me keep it."



"What's the matter, William? Are you ill?"
"No, my dear; but these revelations of wholesale dishonesty towards the government, in the way of fraudulent pensions and needless appropriations give me a shock; that's all."



"I take pleasure, children, in presenting your school with this grand motto, which I hope you will all take to heart and follow through life."



COPYRIGHT 1897 BY KEEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN.

And yet, strange to say, the Average Honest and Upright Citizen sees nothing wrong in escaping Jury Duty, evading the Custom House Duties, and swearing off his Personal Taxes as often as he can.

THE ELASTIC CONSCIENCE OF THE AVERAGE "HONEST AND UPRIGHT CITIZEN."

INSPIRED BY THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.